

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 47.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McLintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, R. E. Burns.
Clerk Circuit Court, S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Court, C. E. Beard,
(G. M. Kee,
(A. Barlow.
County Surveyor, George Baxter.
Coroner, George P. Moore.
County Board of Health, Dr. J. W. Price, L. M. McLintic, M. J. McNeel,
J. C. Arbogast.
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split
Rock: Charles Cook, H. H. Grosse,
Huntersville: Wm. L. Brown,
Dunmore: G. R. Curry, Academy;
Thomas Bruffey, Lohelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.
County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. O. McNEIL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.

LAWYER,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. J. CAMPBELL,

DENTIST,

MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. W. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

M. F. GIESEY,

Architect and Superintendent,
Room, 19, Belly Block,

Wheeling, W. Va.

THE act of the late Legislature requiring free schools to be run for five instead of four months as the minimum length of time is regarded in many different ways by the people whom it affects. The citizens of this county seem to have been opposed to a school term of more than four months, as none of the districts have ever increased the time, and have always taken advantage to close the school at the end of the least time the law allowed. The pay of the teachers has always ranged on the ragged edge of the protection afforded them by law, and if by reason of strength they persuade the Board of Education to add a few dollars a month, it is done by the hardest, and its continuance is never secure. The advent of the five-

months school must present the question this year in a more serious light than ever: How can the free schools of the county be made a paying and profitable investment of the funds? As it is now, the only hope trustees can have as to the success of the school is in the teacher. The system permits a teacher to go into a neighborhood where he is unknown, furnishes him with a room, with furniture and fire, assures him a sufficient salary to keep him above actual want, and tells him to "crack his whip!" The teacher announces that on a certain day he will meet all the young folks of the neighborhood under twenty-one years of age. He arrives early, cleans up the school-room, disposes of his various belongings, and sits down to await developments. By and by he can see little bands of young ones come stealing up through the red-brush. Each little group is composed of little ones who bear a ludicrous likeness to each other. It is the "family resemblance" to be traced in the very clothes—the same bolt of red calico is divided up as each one's needs required, and in the old man's clothes already walk little Billy and Tommy. They have generally combined and confederated with "Op Shep," the dog, and a few dog fights are among the certainties of the day. The groups converge at the school-house, and the school is formed. The inevitable dinner-baskets are present, and the teacher is assured of a school for one day at least. But really for no longer. If he is a wonderfully capable man he can make it so pleasant for the children that they will come back day after day and enable him to run his time out by keeping up a fair average attendance and teach a "good school." He feels, tho, at the end of four months that he would not have been able to keep up another day. It takes more work and worry to keep the children at school than all the teaching and other work combined. Parents and trustees should see that this burden be taken off the teacher, and not let children lodge a complaint against the teacher and stop at home when they get tired of attending school. There can be no manner of question but that the success of the school, especially under the present system, depends almost entirely on the teachers. They should receive better pay, for it would be more to the purpose to pay some good men and women \$100 each per month than that some of the bunglers of to-day should receive one cent, or

even be tolerated in the profession. As it is now, not as many teachers offer for examination as there are schools to be taught, and it is Hobson's choice with the Superintendent, and he must take what comes. So it is argued that any step taken to improve the salary of the teacher, or to add respectability to his calling, is a step in the direction of better expenditure of money, and will lead so many persons to seek the position of school teachers that the authorities will be in a condition to pick and choose, and send the raw recruits back to some training school. Then the children of the county will be taught, and the immense sum of money spent in the sustentation of free schools will be well invested.

ONE of the most interesting studies for those who may be inclined to forecast the results of present tendency, is to investigate what are termed "crazes," or "fads." The sensation of the hour seems to be the "Trilby craze," and it is likely to provoke a smile when any one proposes to take a serious and searching consideration as to what it means, and what results it is likely to lead to. It may be a vain matter to try to seize the shadow a coming event may cast before still if we can form an idea of the event, the time is not lost in the shadowy study. The interest awakened by this book, or the state of the popular mind, that makes such a book a favorite, shows that there is a readiness to believe that the Creator understood the best model on which to fashion woman's form so as to promote her happiness and wonderful destiny. When humanity becomes imbued with this idea, then the woman of the future will be a living picture of the Venus of Milo, clothed in modest, becoming attire. Her waist will rise above the elbows. All the organs will be in their proper places, and free to fulfill their functions, and torturing ailments will be felt and feared no more, as they are now dreaded and make existence linked miseries long drawn out.

"L'arned" Men Confounded

Old Bill is a hunter and trapper in the White Mountains. He is a great speculator in the field of mechanical laws, and as he has no "book l'arnin'" he is obliged to work out his own theories. He is very fond of telling how he got the better of three "l'arned men" on what was to him a notable occasion.

These three men were discussing the necessity of the suspension of motion before taking an opposite direction. Old Bill, who was listening, made bold to deny the law, and offered to refute it to their satisfaction. Opportunity being given, he propounded the following ingenious theory:

"S'pose," said Bill, "that you take a cannon-ball in which there is a hole just big enough to hold a rifle-ball. You take the cannon-ball and fire it from a cannon, and at the identical time another man fires a rifle-ball from a pint 'zactly opposite. Those two balls met, s'pose, in the air, the rifle-ball just fittin' into the hole of the cannon-ball."

Now, of course, the cannon-ball, bein' the heaviest, will just take the rifle-ball right along with it in the same direction without stoppin'. Won't it? Well, then, the rifle-ball has taken back tracks without stoppin' to turn round. Haint it?"

The "l'arned men," Bill says had to give in.—*Sel.*

Advertise!

The Frog.

"Who am I but the Frog—the Frog!
And my realm is the dark bayou,
My throne is the muddy and moss-grown log
That the poison vine clings to!
And the black-snakes slide in the slimy tide
And the ghost of the moon looks blue."

The other day, while fishing, the writer heard

"That voice, God wot, that is equaled not

in the wide world anywhere."—which Mr James Whitcomb Riley says belongs to the bull-frog. The Greenbrier River is a delightful stream, but the bass or something have destroyed the breed, and while a number of frogs of half-grown size and less are to be found, very rarely do you hear a full-grown, experienced frog. The English have the nightingale, the Virginians have the bull-frog, but the resident of the Greenbrier Valley has no pleasant sound to enliven the twilight hours, and has to be content with rats running around in the loft.

Did you ever think how admirably adapted to the stage are the two main qualities of the frog? First, that voice given to a man would make him such a "ding dinger" that he could sing a mile away, in the most mellow, mellifluous notes, and still be distinctly audible. As for the other development of the Irishman's bird, he has a beautiful pair of what goes to make up the ballet—"maybe I mean eyes."

But laying all jokes aside, the frog cuts a big figure in the country life of a Virginian. His is a land of noble minds, whose owners are in the habit of sitting on the verandah, and when that grand *gid-er-rum-m* comes booming across the meadow from Peterson's Swamp, those noble minds unconsciously go to evolving their grandest thoughts. It has the same elevating effect that anthems have. But when the statesman unfolds his plan, or the poet gives to the world his song, who gives the poor benighted frog credit for the part he played in the formation of those grand ideas.

Having looked at the subject from an intellectual, it is well to view him from an epicurean standpoint. Those capable hind-legs of his are much sought for and appreciated by the most fastidious. As for us, we will not have any frog-legs. The distaste may be accounted for by relating the experience of a small boy. Who he was does not matter, for he has fulfilled the expectations of his school-teacher, and has never amounted to much. Well, he lived in a county in Virginia where there were frogs that were frogs. Not the effeminate sort that are to be found in the mountains, but big he-frogs that were born before the war, with voices like a Roman emperor, big mahogany backs, and a green trimming that defied imitation. Every one was a king, and he would drag himself up on his throne at the foot of which was the deep pool into which he would plunge with a royal splash when he was disturbed.

If there was anything this boy liked to do it was to hunt frogs. If he had been allowed a gun it would have been a simple matter and he would soon have tried it. He obeyed orders, which were that he could catch frogs as long as they were eaten, because it was cruel and unnecessary to kill them for mere sport.

To the thoughtless it would seem that all you had to do was to wait until the frogs came out on the bank and hit them with a stick, but the frogs along old Muddy Creek were a different breed, and if you tried that game on them your club would fall on their perch for the frog had said "Hit your grandmother!" and jumped in and sunk long before, and he would stay under till it thundered, too.

But there was a way to catch his worship! You took a big hook and dangled it before the drowsy monarch until it tickled his nose and woke him up. The frog think-

ing it was a new kind of an insect would snap at it to be hauled out to be foully dealt with. This is supposing that you have crept up behind him in a stealthy way that would have made your fortune as an Indian. Those boys that wanted to put on a few frills would ornament their hooks with red flannel, but it was in the way, and the boy with the naked hook brought home the game. This is the only animal, by-the-way, except man, that will bite at an empty hook, and this phase of its character is entirely in keeping with our story.

But to return to the boy. His mother's injunction early in the season to kill no frogs except what would be eaten, for awhile seemed a sinecure. The whole family liked the hind-legs, but frogs were plentiful, and they began to pall on the palates of the family, until big sister's beau would have to say "Not any, thanks!" Then the boy had to hump himself. He would clean up his daily portion of frog's legs in a hurry to get them out of his way. Frogs were easy caught, it seemed, when he had to eat them himself. He would confine himself to catching some very old fellows, such as the "Foot-log Frog," "The Yaller Rock Frog," or "that old frog wot sets under them two willers."

But the way he grew to loath frog-legs will stay with him through life. Finally he did the desperate deed. He made an excursion up the creek, and he had never seen frogs bite before. In the excitement of the chase he caught about a dozen, and coming home the thought of eating them all filled him with loathing. Nobody else has ever appreciated the full amount of nutriment in a dozen pair of frog-legs. At length, as he neared home, the feeling of repulsion grew so strong that he threw them as far as he could send them into a bunch of weeds. He compromised with his conscience by not hunting frogs any more that season.

THIS tale about cut-worms turning into big grasshoppers when they burst from the chrysalis, is wholly wrong. They turn into those big white moths or millers which come in at the windows at night and fly around the lamp, along with a lot of other insect stragglers. They lay an unlimited number of eggs under rocks and in grasslands, and the next spring the cut-worm comes forth. The cut-worm is a dull, ignorant, but very thorough brute, and lays hold of the nearest green thing to him and cuts it down and eats it up and goes on to the next thing in the row. Paris-green on weeds scattered at night will poison great numbers of them. If salt be scattered around a particular plant cut-worms will not bother it. All this, and much more, is told by a naturalist whose scientific sense has been outraged by the report that cut-worms turned to grasshoppers.

In the city of Washington, a marriage license costs a dollar, and the preacher a good deal, so for years the impecunious colored people have been getting married on the old Scotch style, which was for the man and woman to take one another for better or worse, before one lawful witness. The darkies usually dispensed with the witness. Lately the city fathers have been raising a racket about this class cheating the Registrar's Office, and have been making all the colored people come to time and pay their money. One of the city dailies, for advertisement, has agreed to buy all licenses, and have hired a negro preacher, and set up a free lunch counter, and every day from 3 to 5 p. m. numbers of colored people are sent forth in a state of delayed happiness.

SAVANNA, GA., business men have decided to have a May carnival with the idea of attracting visitors to the city and stimulating trade.